VOLUME XLIV.

BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1898.

gree Of human cor sequence

TWO MINUTES IN THE CLOUDS.

The man who dubbed me "Colonel." I'll nov

I cast the letters from me. I thought som

again.

—S. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader.

HIS LETTERS.

We had been three months married,

and lived in the blessed expectancy of a

secretaryship which I had been promised

on a commission appointed to inquire

not want to find out, but the prelim-

doomed to a period of enforced idlenes

which did not improve my temper, and I fear tried my wife's sorely, for, though

happy, we were human. Our first, and,

thank heaven, our only tiff, took place

one memorable day when we were both

gardening on a plot of soot blackened

ground attached to our modest dwell-ing. In making a border I had planted

a number of carnations and picotees to

gether, contrary to my wife's directions

and on discovering the mistake she said

what I suppose nine out of ten wome

would have said. I answered tartly, be

ing preoccupied with bitter thoughts

and so acrimonious did our discussion

become that Edith went into the house

the childishness of my conduct and fol-

voice, and, drawing the portiere aside

latter was saying.
Edith denied the implied honor.

e said to me."

'Guard!' thought L

After some minutes' reflection I fel

naries dragged, and I found myself



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DELANE MERINO

in Logan County. All stock recorded. Make your selections early and get first choice. Prices reasonable.

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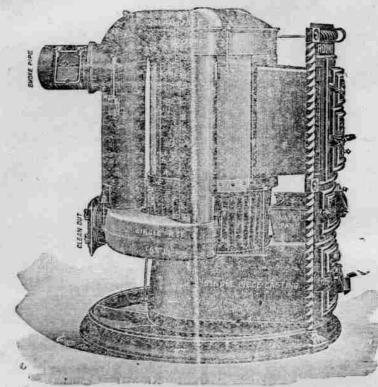
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If a complete set is desired, we will mail same on receipt of fice one pound Cap same on receipt of fice one pound Cap specially wrappers. Give your name and specially written.

Deland & 50., Fairpert, N. T.

Edith denied the "Then is your cions" reterred a

CARTER BROTHERS, Agents,

Tremain's Insurance Agency.

7ire. Lightning, Tornadoes

ing one of her gardening gloves on, pulled it off and threw it on the table. None but old reliable companies in this sency, which has been established for 20 years.

W. C. TREMAIN, Agent.

AT The Oak Restaurant.

You can buy Springfield Steam Baked

MONEY TO LOAN

the error is a natural one-for you," replied my wife considerately. A spot of light shone in Arbuscula's eye. "They would be useful," she continued, "if you wanted to make things hot for him—as you undoubtedly will."
My wife was silent; she played with her wedding ring.

"And first," continued Arbuscula, "

"I have no desire to do so," replied

"They would interest you," the other

with those he has, I dare say, written to

"Or perhaps you won't care to see them in the public press," the other added viciously. "I know a literary chap who would dress 'em up well; they'd want a little draping for a paper I know of."

"I conclude, then, that the lawyers have marked 'no case?' " observed Edith, and Arbuscula glanced curiously "I do not take my-wrongs to a lav

ourt!" she said magnificently. "In that you show your wisdom," re plied my wife. Arbuscula looked at her again, with something approaching respect, but there was a sparkle beneath the eyelids. "Come, what will you give to pre

vent it?" she asked. "Nothing," responded Edith quietly.
"He would be of a different opinion!" bserved Arbuscula.

"You are the first woman who eve said that of him," retorted Arbuscula.
"I do not doubt it," replied my wife,

"All women are the same to him, and me? A wedding ring."
"And all it symbolizes," rejoined my

"That's a house on a fifth rate terrace, with only one stopcock for eight of ye, and the lady next door cuts off

with you over the hedge-I knew it!"

sneered the other. "Oh, it symbolizes more," said Edith, but her tone was weaker. The thrust had gone home, for the study of hydrostatics had been forced upon us of late. "And what is that, pray?" demanded

Arbuscula insolently. "To explain would be to insult you intelligence—and yourself," replied Edith. "Beat in carte, lunge in tierce!" thought L

"Oh, I am not thin skinned!" laughed Arbuscula.

Arbuscula's lips became a thin line of scarlet. Then they parted, and she smiled. I knew that she had always possessed a most unfeminine sense of hu mor, but I was not prepared for its assertion at this supreme moment. The two women stood looking at each other across the table. Arbuscula's dazzling smile lighting her face, my wife's pale yet never so beautiful, I thought, though now, enlightened by the contrast, noted the lines of anxiety which ha

sweet eyes. The other gathered up the letters and began to shuffle them as one would a pack of cards. "You are dying to read them!" sh

been creeping there during the pas

months, and violet shadows under the

My wife's voice said, "No." He face was not so explicit. "Here's one-it's poetry," continued Arbuscula. "It was written for a stays invented, the Arbuscula busk-yo night have heard of it?"

"No, it must have been before m time," said Edith innocently. "Possibly you came rather late in th day," retorted the other. into some abuses the government did "But came to stay," answered

Arbuscula laughed. Edith put he and upon the bell. "You surely will not compel me?

she said. "I have been very patient." "You'll want all the patience you have in the good time coming," rejoin ed the other.

"And you, what will your future be without patience?" asked Edith. "My future can take care of itself, ried Arbuscula, laughing a laugh short as the snap of a breaking sword blade. "I'm a woman with a past, the sor norality humbugs chatter about, but if I had a future like you by --- I'd try to get something better than the butt end of a roue."

"Using the hilt," thought L. My wife laughed gayly now. "You mow the old adage," she said, "the best husband is a reformed rake. Men's the little atticlike boudoir at the top of our mansion, so I descended to search them past the other shoals and shall them. follies often serve as beacons to guide for her in the drawing room, which had lows of life. Experience enables them

had almost entered the room when I heard the sound of a well remembered answered Arbuscula, with a sudden hange of tone. "It's like the poop light cautiously, saw my wife face to face which shows the foam upon the reef that has just torn the poor ship's side "I daresay you know who I am?" the out-much good, when the masts are going by the board."

She gathered the letters together. "Then is your state the more gra-Whatever had been her purpose in com cious," retorted Arbuscula. "But your ing, I could see her grasp upon it was gone. Catching at that moment the re-flection of my own face in a mirror ophusband does, and that is the chief posite, I was so ill pleased by the sight that I stole down stairs, hearing another home." She looked just as splendid as ever and swept our modest little apartment with a scornful glance.
"My husband is engaged," said hacking laugh and the tinkle of a bell

Edith. "Anything you have to say may I returned to the garden and commenced to patiently dig up the border. "Indeed?" replied Arbuscula. "Well, Presently Edith came out also with an have got a good many things to say."

My wife folded her hands and, findarmful of plants she began to sort, singing a cradle song I much admired the

I went over to her. "I got those car-nations up," I said, "but for the life of me I can't say which is which!"

She ran to the border. "Ah, you tool want to say that your husband is the writer of those letters." And she de-posited a formidable bundle on the tafar too much trouble, dear," softly. "And after all your labor too ble beside the glove. "They were writ-ten to me. You may read them if you I'm so sorry!" She pressed my arm, and the touch covered more than the

"But the line was not straight," answered, averting my eyes. went on. "You could compare them

you and I," she whispered. I passed my arm around her waist and kissed her. She put both her own around my neck. "My wife!" said L.

"You old goose," she whispered, bit ing my ear, "I saw you all the time!" -Black and White.

Jade, the Chinese symbol of the soul

is one of the most interesting minerals in the world. It is possessed of peculiar interest to the mineralogist because of its unique mineral properties, to the chemist because of a dispute as to its elementary composition, to the ethnologist because of its peculiar uses, to the archæologist because of its strange as-sociations with early history, to the poet because of its symbolic character in literature and to the philosopher because of its association in the philosophy of the sages, with various virtues out of which grew the Chinese symbolismthe soul.

and my one great longing is to win you Jade is best described by the familiar name of pebble, of which it is the finest variety in respect of texture, the heaviest and the hardest known to the lapidary. It is susceptible of a high polish and is so tenacious that it can be cut into the most intricate and fragile shapes. There are exceptional tints, but here jade may only be said to range in color from ivory white to deep olive green. Among substances known to the mineralogist it has no rival in the number of its fascinations, and no apology, therefore, is offered for ranking it with recious stones.—Good Words.

Nellie, aged 3, was out walking with her father, but she soon became tired, and he was obliged to carry her.

"Is I vewy heavy, papa?" she asked, as he set her down a moment to rest. "Indeed you are," he replied. "Say, papa," continued the little A SNOWDROP.

• wonderful, immaculate, White herald of the spring, No winter can be desolate

That bears so sweet a thing! Soft, snowy petals strip'd with green, Deep hidden heart of gold, The world that hath such beauty seen Can never more be old.

No shades of ruddy light suffuse Thy petals cool and pure. The roseless, chill auroral dews

And I, who once the roses lov'd. Allegiance bring to thee,
Well knowing thou wilt ne'er be prov

So wanton or so free; But, cloister'd from the wild wind's brea

Nor flaunting in the sun,
Wilt lend a beauty e'en to death
When thy pure life is done.
—New York Times.

HER GUARDSMAN.

In a small house in Clarges street girl of 18 stood in her presentation dress, while her long three yards and a half of white satin train trailed behind her. A maid knelt on the ground, picking out here and there a leaf from th sprays of lilies of the valley.

Marjorie looked in the mirror and

natted a rebellious curl. "I feel excited. I can't help it. Oh, mother, I wish it were like a story, the country mou being taken to court and a real live duke or earl falls in love with little nouse. I shall be in the midst of this great world soon. I wish something really romantic could happen.

"You'll have to take the taskmaste Love, into your bargain with Fate, dear, said Mrs. Beauchamp. And Marjorie hid her face in her lovely bouquet of lilies of the valley, white orchids and white violets, and her heart gave a

haps no belted earl nor strawberry leaved duke, but a handsome, sunburned face looked into hers, the mellow voice had whispered.

It was later on the same day, the carriages in endless strings down the mall, an eager crowd pressing close to all the vindows, making their remarks freely. "This waiting is very tiring," said

Marjorie, "and I am so hungry." "The gates are opened. We shall soon be in, my dear," said Lady Hamilton.

sheaf of splendor almost dazzled Marjo rie, as looking through the glass window she was conscious of one of the guards men on duty watching her intently His bearskin almost hid his eyes and

tinct recognition in that soldier's glance? The sweeping brown mustache conceale his mouth. She looked at him again, the carriage moved forward, he smiled. She bent forward, and her face dimpled into a smiling response; impulsively she

waved her hand. "To whom, may I ask, were you bowing?" said Lady Hamilton severely.

"I recognized some one, auntie, in the crowd," faltered Marjorie. And her aunt, noting the sudden rus of color and shining eyes, grew sus-picious. "A man was the only cause

for that kind of emotion," she thought agely.

Marjorie almost forgot that fleeting look while making her bow to her maj esty. But the guardsman did not intenshe should forget. A brilliant scheme

had entered his mind. Truly, only a guardsman scribbling away for dear life, in all the barrenn of barrack surroundings, but he knew he had finished forever with the long, tedious marches. The pipeclaying, the "brass rags" could be chucked away, the parade ground need hear no longer the tread of Corporal Ferguson's feet, no more lonely watches in the tower, when the thought of Anne Boleyn's ghost to

keep him company was not cheering. Goodby to the arduous life of "rough ing," goodby to the jarring influences which had surrounded him for two which had surrounded him for two years—years of stern discipline and Likoma, east central Africa. While at hard training. He had come out of it

And what was he writing, so lover, full of ardent fervor? His last test! A sweet little letter, scented delicately, lay next to his heart. This is

"Do not lead me to do wrong or to deceive. You must let me tell my mother, and I am ready to face the future with you. I will meet you once again, but I can no longer keep it secret.' "Bad young man!" he chuckled, and

Marjorie Beauchamp that same day received this epistle: "Dear, sweet Marjorie, companion of my thoughts and highest aspirations, when I saw you a fortnight ago, I was again. Darling, how good you have been to me, and I shall not try that loving heart another day. ing heart another day. You are ever in my mind, my best thoughts are of you,

for my very own." She looked very sweet in her picture hat covered with violets as she walked into her mother's room, dressed for a

and turning very pale; "mother, I cannot keep my secret from you any loncourse not," said Mrs. Beauchamp ten-

lerly, and put out her hand. "Mother, do you remember two years ago I went on a visit to our old cousin James. When I was there, I met a lovely girl, Constance Ferguson. Do you remember my telling you how I helped nurse her? And-and a brother of hers, Charlie Ferguson, had just arrived from

NUMBER 81.

I was so young, and he had a hard life in front of him. He had quarreled with his uncle and was practically cast off. Mother, can't you guess? I have seen

him again—I love him!"

The bright head was bowed and hot ears splashing down. "Read this, mother. He wishes me to meet him today in the park, and he

says he has some great news to tell me He is better off.' "But what is he now, Marjorie?" "He is in the guards, mother."
"In the guards!" said the poor lady,

ewildered. "Then he must be very well off indeed."

"Only a corporal!" cried Mrs. Beauchamp, clasping her hands. "In a dreadful red coat! You have been seen out with him! Good heavens, Marjorie!" "Oh, mother, don't be so horrified! I

was the bravest girl he knew to meet him, and after I did he said he would come and see you and explain. And I am to marry him. And, after all"winding up her incoherent speech dra-matically—"it isn't the coat that makes the man! And, mother, may I go and meet him and bring him back?

"Oh, Marjorie!" cried her poor mother, "what would your aunt say? I sup-pose I must consent to seeing him. He

hamed?" said Ferguson a little quizically, as he and his sweetheart got up from their chairs in Rotten row. She looked up half shyly at the tall, hand-"And now that you know everything,

"I love you," she whispered, blushing hotly. "But, oh, how glad mother ing hotly. They were walking along gayly, she

"Look, Charlie," cried Marjorie, her face dimpling into mischievous laughter; "there's nuntie just passed us, driving. Look; she's turning back to look at us. Oh, her face! Isn't it a picture?" Lady Hamilton alighted from her

room, her silk dress knocking down a table, a vase and some books, the plumes n her bonnet nodding formidably. "Helena," she cried, "something too

my niece—is out walking with a mon soldier." "My dear Eliza, I-can explain," falered Mrs. Beanchamp. "Don't-don't Ty. The young man is on his way

"You are going to let man in a red coat and white belt enter this house! Helena, you should en-ter a lunatic asylum. This—this is ap-They heard a joyous little laugh.

fellows she had seen in her life fill up the doorway with his tall figure.

soon to be my husband—the Earl of "Please forgive me, Mrs. Bean-champ," he said in a winning way. "I claimed my discharge today, only to take orders, though, in another service." And here Marjorie's hand was clasped

Lady Hamilton a year later presented the son and heir with a silver mug and a box of tin soldiers.—Forget-Me-Not.

The seal which General Gordon used on all the documents he signed while shut up in Khartum had a history, which is narrated in the "Life of Cairo the bishop stopped at the house of a friend named Floyer, of whom he

eral Gordon and showed me one very interesting letter—the last he received from him. The occasion of it was inter-esting. Floyer had volunteered to pre-pare Gordon a seal with his name in Arabic characters upon it. For this purpose he chose an old coin, which partially melted and refashioned. When the seal was completed, it was found that two words that had been on

.Floyer had seen a great deal of Gen-

the coin were still legible. The words were in Arabic and signified "The Messenger of God." Gordon noticed them and was much pleased, and in the letter to be as the messenger of God to the Sudan people.

A correspondent writes from Abbots-bury to Nature Notes: "The other day when we were having lunch we heard handle of the door. Our housemaid went and opened the door to see what it was, and there stood the baker's pony and cart. His master had left him in the road while he went to the next house, and the pony had turned round and himself tried to open the door. Of course we were much amused to hear what it was, and the door was shut again. The next minute came one loud, decided knock, evidently from the door knocker. 'That can't be the pony,' we all cried at the same time, rushing to the door, but it was. He was standing with his front feet on the pavement, quietly waiting, and very pleased at his success. Of course we gave him some bread, bisouits and sugar as a reward for his clever-

Alone thy lips allure.
Thou art not freak'd with purple stains,
Nor fire of searlet bright,
But silver'd by the cilvery rains
And touched with vernal light.

only a corporal."

"No, mother, no. He enlisted. He is

call him my pillar box, and he says I

pertainly writes a charming letter.' "In the face of everybody, not

Marjorie, will you forgive my putting

the perfection of dainty prettiness, trip-ping along at his side, many curious and even inquisitive glances following

carriage simply trembling with indig-nation. She swept into her sister's

terrible has occurred. Your daughter-

"On his way now!" almost shricked

And Lady Hamilton rose to face them. Mrs. Beauchamp felt faint from emo-tion. What could be wrong when Marjorie wore such a lovely look? And a gleam of mirth in her eyes too. And the mother saw one of the finest looking

"Mother-auntie-let me introduc you to my lover, the guardsman, and

in his.

"Mother," she said, going over to her

"Well, my child, what of it?"

"I was only 16, mother, and he said Have you paid for your REPUB

"Hardly," said my wife. "He is not

with much significance, and the other reddened slightly. "Under the guard," continued Arbuscula, recovering herself. What is the difference between you

of ye, and the lady next door cuts off miss, "isn't you dest awful tickled zat the water when she has had a few words 1 ain't twins?"—Exchange.